TO-MORROW'S MORNING WORLD

(METROPOLIS EDITION)

PRICE ONE CENT.

NEW YORK, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1890.

PRICE ONE CENT.

AWAIT THE POSTMAN.

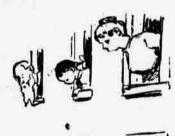
People Who Watch for Letter-Carriers on Fifth Avenue and Cherry Hill.

Missives of Love, of Cheer, of Fate, Eagerly Greeted.

Daily Rounds of Faithful, Tireless, Underpaid Public Servants.

Let him who has regarded the lot of the postman as one of livery, wages and

ease forever dismiss the illusion. "I would rather be a coal miner or work in a diving-bell, or go on a lifetime exploration to the North Pole than carry this bag, tramp these streets, climb these stairs, stand this impudence, ask and answer these million questions, support this responsibility and face those exactions imposed by superiors who have behind them a regiment of willing hands to take





The work of the postman is hardin the light of his wages, severely hard-but there is so much of the light and humor of life in its course that the lot of Uncle Sam's letter-carriers, while not exactly a happy one, cannot be called wretched.

The reporter first went to Postmaste Van Cott, and from him by gradations reached Superintendent of City Delivery Morgan, who, upon presentation of the case, issued the order that permitted the reporter to accompany the carriers on their rounds.

The first trip was made in a tenement house district in the jurisdiction of Station B. at No. 380 Grand street, known as Route 12, comprising the area covered by Essex, Ludlow and Orchard streets and the intersecting streets from Grand to

There are three carriers who make alter-



"NOTHING FOR ME?" nate deliveries on this route. One of them. M. Lehrberger, the reporter ac-

companied. This agent of Uncle Sam is about forty Russian. A man of his lingual versatility is required in this district, where all these nationalities are heavily repre-

Lehrberger also has the stout legs and the strong lungs that the position demands. It requires a strong pair of lungs to make oneself heard at the sixth story of a tenement amid the noise of the

of a tenement amid the noise of the streets.

The carriers at each station are divided into three classes, A, B and C, three on each route. They report for duty about 6 o'clock in the morning, and at 7 they all go out to make the first delivery.

The schedule is so arranged that no man works more than eight hours a day, but during those eight hours the men are continually on the go.

A carrier delivers from five hundred to one thousand eight hundred pieces of mail matter daily. That means running

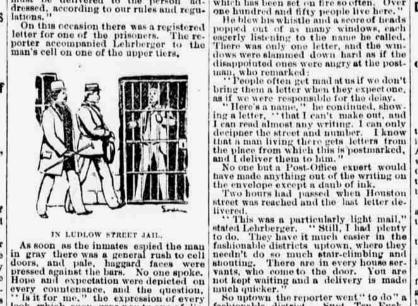
mail matter daily. That means running in and out of from three hundred to one thousand places with more or less climbing of stairs, a continuous exercise of lung power in shouting out names and much wear and tear of shoe leather.

the route men to start, and they all filed out. Indian fashion, in review of Supt. Ferdinand Dreyer.

"We begin here," said Lehrberger, as he reached Ludiow Street Jail and rang the prison bell.

"I was on this route when Boss Tweed was in here. I used to bring all Tweed's mall and that of many other men, more or less distinguished, who have been in enforced retirement at this retreat since then.

"I never go inside except when I have



cipient sorrow to his fellow-unfortu-nates, because their friends had not thought of them, not even to write them

a line.
"I pity these poor fellows," remarked the reporter's companion. "They look, indeed, as if they had lost every friend in the world, and they feel as they look, no

doubt."

Quite different was the behavior of a young woman who lives in the Goliah of tenement-houses, seven stories high, a few doors above the jail. A shrill whistle of the man of letters brought her to the landing flying.
"Nothing for me?" she chirruped

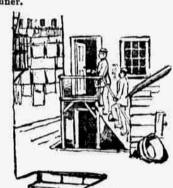
sweetly.

'No, he didn't write to you to-day,'
was the reply, accompanied by a sly wink at the reporter.

"Well, I don't care. I ain't worrying a bit. If he won't write to me somebody else will. I never suffer for the want of letters."

else will. I never suffer for the want of letters."

"That's true, she gets plenty of them," explained Lehrberger, as he hurried across the muddy street and up a steep stoop into a dark, ill-smelling tenement, "but she is disappointed, nevertheless. The youth who writes to her daily in violet ink on sweet-scented paper missed somehow to-day. She knows just when I'm due here with the first afternoon mail—how to-day. She knows just when I'm due here with the first afternoon mail—how to-day. She knows just when I'm due here with the first afternoon mail—way she makes a slide for the loving missive would win her fortune as a baseruner.



IN THE "CATACOMBS."

"Such is life in Ludlow street. They watch and wait and pine for a letter whether they are in or out of jail," was the philosophical conclusion.

"Speaking of sweet-scented missives, do you get many of them?"

"Do we? Well, I should say so. All odors. Some mornings I smell like a walking cologne factory. It seems that young men have an idea that they can't make an impression on a girl unless they use perfumed stationery—at least in this part of the Tenth Ward.

"I won't have time to talk to you now for awhile except in sections," said Lehrberger, as he turned into Rivington street. "We are now in the catacombs of Poland."

Down the street, up the street, across the street, through alleys into rear build-

Down the street, across the street, through alleys into rear buildings and out through dark, damp basements he went.

'Is this what you call the catacombs?' was asked of Uncle Sam's man, as he led the way through an unlighted underground passage into the open.

Yes; many a corpse lies buried here."
The laugh that accompanied this sally had a strange, hollow sound in that weird

place.

The circuitous, zig-zag, labyrinthine walk continued thus for twenty minutes with brief stops here and there to leave letters in yards, cellars and stubles.

When they reached the corner of Riv-

When they reached the corner of Riv years of age, and has carried the mail in his district for seventeen years. He is a little fresh air, while he went up four flights of stairs in a rear building to deliver a letter to a sick woman.



A carrier delivers from five hundred to me thousand eight hundred pieces of anily. That means running an and out of from three hundred to one housand places with more or less climburg of stairs, a continuous exercise of any power in shouting out names and nuch wear and tear of shoe-leather.

Uncle Sam is a hard task master with all alone," he said, "There's no one to come down after her letters for her, so I always take them up. They came the substand to the position of the one among the tenements.

No one to come down after her letters for her, so I always take them up. They came the position of the one among the tenements.

No natter whether it is among the upper ten or the lower five, the position of a letter carrier is no sinceurs.

While Lehrberger was explaining these stails the bell sounded as a signal for the reporter reflected on the excellence are constituted by the walls of the building in front."

The reporter reflected on the excellence are constituted by the walls of the building in front. The reporter reflected on the excellence are constituted by the walls of the building in front. The reporter reflected on the excellence are constituted by the walls of the building in front. The reporter reflected on the excellence are constituted by the walls of the building in front. The reporter reflected on the excellence are constituted by the walls of the building in front. The reporter reflected on the excellence are constituted by the said was distinct that the flat that the should look through his bundles for a letter for her.

We meet with all kinds of people," was distinct pool in the comment on this incident, "and we try to please them all."

It took exactly an hour and a half to make the trip. The atmosphere the trip. The atmosphere the trip. The atmosphere was explained to the wall believe for her.

She's all alone," he said, "There's make the place of sunshine.

She's all alone, "he said, "There's was diffined by the wall by the wall book through his bend to the incident, "and the try to please t

then.

"I never go inside except when I have a registered letter for someone, which must be delivered to the person addressed, according to our rules and regulations."

the rear of the tenemes. "This," said he. "is the building which has been set on fire so often. Over one hundred and fifty people live here."

He blew his whistle and a score of heads which has been set on fire so often. Over one hundred and fifty people live here."

He blew his whistle and a score of heads which has been set on fire so often.

Hope and expectation were depicted on every countenance, and the question, "Is it for me." the expression of every look, which soon gave way to one of disappointment or utter despondency as the carrier passed by in silence and made no response to the mute query.

The registered parcel contained money. It brought joy and happiness to the recipient—sorrow to his fellow-unfortunates, because their friends had not thought of them, not even to write them.



Giffin is a handsome fellow, and whether it was his winning smile that attracted the ladies' maids to the gates, or whether they stood there in anticipation of receiving a letter, is hard to say, Anyhow, they stood watching and waiting for him to come, all smiles.

"Two for you," he said, as he handed two monogramed missives to a pretty blonde with a pair of mischievous blue eyes.

blonde with a pair of mischievous blue eyes.

The letters were highly perfumed. The girl, it was noticed, did not look at the addresses, but instead smelled first of one, then of the other.

"Franzipane," she exclaimed, "that's for Mr. Goodluck. And this is patchuli. That's for Mr. Prettyboy. I can smell it, can't I?" she added as she read aloud the names on the respective envelopes. "I know the perfume as well as I do the handwriting."

A few doors below the carrier was met at the door by a servant gorgoous in a

A lew door by a servant gorgeous in a bottle-green vest, gilt buttons and a clawhammer coat.

"A letter for me leddy?" asked he, standing stiff and erect, without deigning to touch it. Then he slowly turned on his heel walked majestically to the rear of the halls returning in a minute with a silver plate, on which the "letter for me leddy" was hurriedly deposited by

Giffin.

The man in livery scowled at what he evidently considered deliberate disregard of propriety in such matters. The letter should have been so placed on the plate that a corner should extend over the rim so that "me leddy" could conveniently pick it up. The man so arranged it before taking at the his next so. fore taking it to his mistress.



"LETTER FOR ME LEDDY Y" At another house the carrier was asked

At another house the darker was asset to wait a minute. He did, and then a middle aged lady came downstairs and handed him several religious tracts. "I hope you will make good use of these that they may kenefit you," she This lady takes special interest in the

Got anything for me?" she asked.

"Got anything for me?" she asked.
"Who are you, madan? I don't know you."
"My name is Larue,"
"And where do you live?"
"Forty-second street."
Giffin tried to explain as politely as he could with the limited time at his disposal that he did not carry mail for the whole city, but the woman did not seem to understand it and insisted that he should look through his bundles for a letter for her. next general election.

Or, he proposed that they insist on a pledge

300 INDIAN DEAD. BLEOO'S RELEASE

Details of the Seventh Cavalry's Affidavits That Contradict Those Battle with the Redskins.

Capt. Wallace, of K Troop, Fell Under a Tomahawk's Blow.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 30. - Advices received by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs this morning from Agent Royer, of the Pine Ridge Agency, state that about three hundred Indians were killed in the conflict with the Seventh Caivary troopers, precipitated yesterday through the treachery of Big Foot and his

braves. The despatches also relate that Two Strike and his party opened fire on the agency from the hill-tops and wounded two soldiers.

Two hostiles were killed by the return fire of

he Indian police. Big Foot, Two Strike, Slow Bear and Kicking Bear are actively stirring up trouble,
CHICAGO, Dec. 30.—An Omaha Bee special from the camp on Wounded Knee Creek, S. D., gives the following story of yesterday's events in the disturbed Indian country:

"The remaining troops of the Seventh Cavalry arrived from Pine Ridge Agency at 9 clock Sunday night.

"At 8, Monday morning, Gen. Forsythe saued orders to have the 150 male Indians who had been prisoners called from the tepees "They obeyed slowly and sulienly and ranged in a semicircle in front of the tent

where Big Foot, their chief, my slok with neumonia. By twenties they were ordered o give up their arms. The first twenty went o their tents and came back with only two This irritated Major Whitesides, who was uperintending this part of the work. After hasty consultation with Gen. Forsythe, he

gave the order for the cavalrymen, who wer il dismounted and formed in a square abou wenty-five paces back, to close in.
... They did so and took a stand within thirty feet of the Indians. When this was done, letachment of cavalrymen was sent to search the tepees. About sixty guns were found, ou while this work was going on the warriors held

"The tepees having been gone through, an order was given to search the warriors. After a dozen of them had been searched, the rest suddenly jerked guns from under their blan-kets and began pouring bullets into the ranks of the soldiers who, a few minutes before, had moved up within almost gun length.

"Those Indians who had no guns rushed or the soldiers with tomahawk in one hand and girl in her twenty-first year. scalping knife in the other. It was a most hor rible rush. "The first Indian volley was fired almost

one man, so that they must have fired a nundred shots before the soldiers fired one; but how they were slaughtered after their first

"Some succeeded in getting through the lines and away to the bills. The firing lasted a little time, and he was introduced half an hour, and even now Hotchiss guns to me by Policeman Dan Meenan. He are pouring shots into the gulleys to the north, where a few of the Indians have taken refuge. The list of dead and wounded among the soldiers, as far as can be ascertained, is as

THE DEAD,

Cook, private, B Troop. CHAPTS, Rev. Father, Catholic pricet, mor-

LEWIS, Frank, private, B troop. STONE, Private, R troop.
SULLIVAN, Private, K troop.
SMITH, F., private, K troop.
CLIPTON, Corpl., K troop.
TOOHEY, DAVIS HAZELWOOD, Private, A

roop.
GARLINGTON, Lieut., A troop.
LAOYI, Sergi., A troop.
WELLS, P. F., Interpreter, A troop.
KINZIE, Lieut., A troop.
CHOLISON, James, trumpeter, A troop,
ortaliv CHOLISON, James, trumpeter, A in northily.
CAMELL, sergeant., A troop.
PRETER, Private. A troop.
DYER, sergeant, K troop.
DENIAN, H. O., private, K troop.
BLLIOIT, GROMER, private, K troop.
WARD, Sergl., B troop.
HOTCHNISS, Sergl., K troop; mortally.
HIPT, private, A troop.
COOR, A., A troop.
ADAMS, private, K troop.
NEWELL, COTPL, B troop.
Twenty-five or more other soldiers

Twenty-five or more other soldiers ar rounded, some of whom will probably dic.

PARNELL AND O'BRIEN MEET.

Capt. Wallace's fatal wound was in the for-

with No Result.

any positive result. Information comes from those on the ground

bles, and for form's sake re-elect him Chair-He (Parnell) would then retire until after the

when he (l'arnell) would retire altogether. Mr. O'Brien is represented to have appeared party, and he must consult his colleagues.

Such was the situation at the latest moment An Eye for Next Year's Census. President Wilson, of the Board of Health, esked the Board of Estimate to-day for an appropriation of \$40,000 for taking the census next year. Of this amount \$6,000 is estimated for derical hire and the balance for enu-

Mr. Parnell he found them unable to agree.

Bloody Penalty for the Treachery of The Wind-Up of a Sensational As-

on Which He Was Indicted.

Assistant District-Attorney Parker's Sweeping Denunciation.

Policeman James J. Bleoo, indicted for as saulting Johanna Young, a young woman whom he had promised to marry and who charged him with being the father of her unborn child, was set free yesterday, on motion of Assistant District-Attorney Parker, who alleged that the prosecution had been hasty, ill advised and without foundation.

Without going into the merits of the case, this would seem an extraordinary statement on the part of the public prosecutor. Police man Bleon was indicted on the affidavits of Johanna Young and four witnesses, which were laid before the Grand Jury by the Distric Attorney's office on July 15. Mr. Parker's statement is consequently a grave accusation against both the Grand Jury and the District

Bleoo, whether innocent or guilty, was up doubtedly indicted on evidence, perjured or otherwise, as it is hard to believe that the themselves to the persecution of any indi

But there is more in the matter than this There is no case, perhaps, that created such universal indignation as did the one in ques-The story of the girl told in the police court was so startling as to call from Justice atterson this remark:

"If this girl's story is true, Bleoo, you are The girl now asserts that the story is not all

true, and she makes excuses for Bleoo, who, she says, has never refused to marry ber. This brings up two questions. Either she per-jured herself in one affidavit or in the other, and the question naturally arises, Why is she not punished for it! In this respect the offense is street against the people, not Mr. Bleoo, no The Assistant District-Attorney stated that matter what his feelings may be. Indeed, the he had carefully examined the evidence in the reprinting of the details.

Policeman Bieso is a native of this city. wenty-five years old and lives with his mother liceman he was a lithographer and employed brother. He was introduced to her, and they became engaged to be married. Johanna was devoted to her policeman lover, and every night carried him hot coffee and cakes while he was doing patrol duty. She was a pretty

On the night of June 25 she visited Bleco or his post and was arrested by him. She told her story in court next morning and was discharged by Justice Patterson. Here is her story as she told it first:

"1 became acquainted with Bleoo in the latter part of November, seemed a nice young man, so we became fast this day. friends. I loved him very much, and he was very good to me until about a month ago, when the girl or assaulted her in any way, and that I told him of my condition. Then he tried to be had used no influence in inducing the other avoid me. He had asked me to marry him witnesses to make their affidavita. and I consented. We went to theatres and ex-

vas very happy. "When he did not come to see me any onger I went to him, when he was on duty, against him on July 15 last. two or three times and implored him to make me an honest woman. He spoke very harshly and said he wanted nothing more to do with

me, for he knew moer girls than I. .. I was afraid that my condition would be discovered by my parents, and I knew if they to arrest her for disorderly conduct and did so it would break their hearts. What to look her up all night. At present there do I did not know, for I was almost hearts seems no tangible evidence that he broken myself. On Thursday evening I determined to see Jim once more and beg of him to do me justice. He had intimated that I might uo so. I found him at Seventh street and Avenue C. and he was talking to another policeman. He appeared annoyed when I spoke to him, but said he was to be on post at Seventh street. and if I would walk down a block or two h could come and talk to me. I did as he bade me and waited for some time, but as he did not come I asked the policeman who was patrolling there about Jim, and he told me that Jim was on Avenue C.

"On reaching the avenue I went down as far as Houston street, where I met him. I asked him way he had sent me down Seventh was held in Harlem Court to-day on a charge street, and he laughed and told me to go away of forgery. and not bother him. I said I would not go

away.

"'Jim,' said I, 'I don't deserve such In Conference at Boulogne, as Yet leave home because you have misused me. He laughed again, and told me a second time to go away, adding that if I did or \$5 not stop troubling him he would make things hot for me. Then he INVICABLE TO THE PRESS NEWS ASSOCIATION. 1 make things hot for me. Then he LONDON, Dec. 30. --Parnell and O'Brien met started across Houston street, and I followed. This made him very angry and he it Boulogne to-day.

It is not known whether the conference had began to swear. I again told him that he was Congestion of the Lungs Kills the treating me very crucity, and he again threatened to do something to get rid of me. Up to religious welfare of letter-carriers," exthat Parnell suggested to O'Brien that all the
this time we were conversing in ordinary
claimed (diffin.

At the corner of Eighth avenue a woman
stopped Gillin. club and best me.

" When Jim struck me with his club he setzed my arm and pulled me about. The blows of the club hurt me terribly, and I supfrom Gladstone that he carry out his policy, pose I screamed, as any woman would when he (l'arnell) would retire altogether. If clubbed as he had clubbed me. Then a crowd collected, and he began dragging me to be perplexed, to have sought to postpone an down Houston street. I begged him to let answer, saying the conference was a private the pe, but he kept hold of my arm and one and not prompted by the members of the clubbed me a second time. The station-house is only a few blocks away from the spot, and it is reported that when he came to confer he took me there and made a charge of diswith the members on the propositions made by orderly conduct against me, and I was locked up all night. Jim took me down to the cell, and when the iron coor was locked behind me this afternoon, when Boulogne was heard he reminded me he had promised to make things hot for me. " In substantiation of her statement the girl

To taste fine Clarets at their best, they showed a torn gown and a brutsed body. Here should be poured out carefully, or, better s lileoo's statement, made the same day: "I arrested the girl because she was disstill, decanted before serving, at room temorderly and was making a great noise. She perature, Try J. Calvet & Co.'s Bordeaux and constantly annoyed me while on duty, and I Burgundy wines, for which F. de Bary & Co., told her she must keep away or I must put her 43 Warren Street, are agents. - *...*

A NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION. No. 3.

JAY GOULD-Turn over a new leaf? Oh, dear, no! Why, the whole of our criminal prosecutors would lend thing works very nicely—if the stupid public could only see it from my point of view.

> time, but so were other men. I don't want to say anything more." In moving for Policeman Bleoo's dismissa

yesterday, Mr. Parker based his motion upon five amdavita, two of which were made rea diagrace to the Department and should be specified by Policemen Bicoo and Johanna immediately dismissed."

Young, the girl who charges him with assaulting and striking her. The other three afti davits are sworn to by Phillip J. Kunts, a West Washington Market poultry dealer, living at 121 Ridge street; Edward Coogan, a lumber dealer, of 430 East Houston street, and Robert Gill, a salesman, of 804 East Thirty-fourth

whole case is so interesting as to warrant the case, and had come to the conclusion that the out avail. prosecution of the charges against Bleco had been hasty, illadvised and utterly without

That the three last-named witnesses were disinterested persons, who knew neither Bleco nor the complainant at the time of the alleged assault, but had merely happened to be in the neighborhood at the time the disturbance occurred. They swore that Bleco never struck the girl at all, but that she was very violent, and that he only used sufficient force to arrest her after he had tried every means to induce

her to be quiet and let him alone. In her own amdavit Miss Young admits that she was very much excited at the time andthat see did wrong in scoiding and abusing Bleco in danger, and the records and other property in the street. She says that he did not strike her intentionally, but that the back of his band in the latter part of November, swung accidentally against her face, giving a ratus is entirely inadequate, the engines being He had been a policeman but blow so light that she did not feel it at all. She of old patterns and many of them worked by also declares that Bleoo has never refused to band. marry her or to carry out his promise to her to

Bleoo's amdavit simply denies that he struck

Upon these representations Recorder Smyth gutted. Wallace, Capt, George D., commander K cursions whenever he had an off day, and I dismissed the indictments against Bleco and discharged the ball of \$1,000 under which he

> From the amdavits yesterday, the only de duction that may be drawn is this: Police man Bleoo was engaged to marry the girl: that he was intimate with her, that sh annoyed him on post and that all he did was clubbed her, and that all the affidavite to this effect are untrue. Consequently, Policeman Bleoo has been wronged and perjury has been

> committed somewhere.
> Assistant District-Attorney Parker should make a still further investigation and fasten blame where it belongs. The public demands it.

\$11,000 BY FORGERY.

Partner Livingston's Son Accused of False Entries in the Books. William A. Livingston, bookkeeper for the

It is alleged that between Aug. 26, 1888, Nov. 21, 1889, the accused made eighteen false entries in the books of the concern, the aggregate amount being \$11,350. Mr. Keech claims that by these false entries

ANNIE OAKLEY DEAD.

he was swindled out of one-half the amount

The prisoner furnished \$5,000 bail.

Championship Female Rifle Shot. THUNDAP CABLE NEWS SPECIALLY at the news of the death at Buenos Ayres of

ingestion of the lungs, of Miss Annie Oakley,

the champion female ride shot and one of the

West Show during its solourn in London, Murderer Eyraud's Death Sentence May Be Commuted. BY CABLE TO THE PRESS NEWS ASSOCIATION. Parts, Dec. 30, "The wife of Strangler yrand has been granted a divorce. This is taken as an indication that Eyrand's

death sentence will be commuted.

Colbron, Chauncey & Co.'s Schedules The bankrupt brokerage firm of Colbron, Chauncey & Co. filed schedules to-day stating habilities \$200, 147, 14. E. W. G. Weiling, as-signee, will receive but \$10,000 of assets. Useful Information.

ONDON'S BLAZE.

A Tremendous Conflagration Near the Blackfriars Bridge.

IMPRCIAL CABLE TO THE EVENING WORLD.]
LONDON, Dec. 80.—A tremendous fire aging in Queen Victoria and Thames streets sear Black Friars' bridge. The efforts of the firemen are almost with Among the doomed buildings are the big fu

manufactory of Revellon Freres, the Gulche Electric Light and Power Company's buildings Davidson & Co. 's large paper warehouse, and s afkuber of other establishments of lesser size A high wind aids the spread of the flames. 4 r. w. -The fire is still apreading.

The Welsh Church of St. Benet is among the famaged buildings.
The burned district already extends from Sennett's Hill to 185 Queen Victoria street. Twenty steam fire engines are at work, and all the other apparatus that can be called into

The headquarters of the Salvation Army are have been removed. There is plenty of water, but the fire appa

Vast crowds are pouring toward the scene of the confiagration The housetops which command views of the

fire are crowded. Adolph Frankau & Co. 's pipe manufactors and tobacco house, 121 Victoria street, is 5 r. M. -The fire is building itself out.

The probable loss is estimated at \$2,000,000

One fireman has lost his life.

FRESH BITS OF CITY NEWS The Minor Incidents and Acci-

dents of Metropolitan Life. Charges a Broker with Fraud. Policeman Anthony Grinelli, of Hoboken, to-day caused the arrest of Broker William Hend-

ey, on the charge of defrauding him of \$500 on a bogus insurance policy. Hendley was haid for the Grand Jury. Postal Clerk in Trouble. Frederick W. Worth, of 36 New York ave ne, Brooklyn, employed as a clerk in Station P of the Brooklyn Post-Office, was held this morning before United States District-Attorney Johnson on a charge of opening a registered

Call for Levy for Justice.

A committee of Seventh Ward property wners, headed by Max Altmeyer and Danie Rothstein, waited on Mayor Grant to-day and presented a petition signed by 200 persons who ask that Coroner Ferdinand Levy be appointed a Police Justice. Shivering Flat-House Tenants. The tenants of the Verona Flats, Lexington avenue and One Hundred and Fifteenth street,

have complained to the Board of Health that for three weeks they have been almost without heat, owing to the failure of the steam-heating Prisoner Manning's Little Run. Joseph Manning, a coachman, skipped out f the Tombs prisoners' pen and ran to Baxter street this morning. Then he was brought back and held, with Jessie Becker, for assault on Charles Hartmann, of 399 East Fourth

Now He Knows It Was Loaded, Frank Moran, a boy of eighteen, accidentally shot himself in the arm this morning walle fooling with a loaded revolver at his home, 311 East One Hundred and Twenty-fifth atreet.

Bogus Physicians Held, At the Tombs to-day Brnno Grabowizz, o 37 Clinton street, and Jacob Zangen, of 116 Broome street, bogus doctors, were held for trial. The complainant, Jacob Lergott, of 76 Speriff street, had to be brought from Bellevue Hospital in a carriage.

Ambulances Called from All the City Hospitals.

Malt-House Buries

Many People.

Wall of Kohler's

Workmen Were Engaged Repairing the Front.

No One Reported Killed-Many Injured Taken to Bellevue.

Workmen were busy shoring up the walls.

It is now known that no one is killed.

Those Slippery "L" Stairs. Frank Kaiser, of \$13 West Forty-seve reet, fell down the Elevated Railroad stems

at Eighth avenue and One Hundred and

Kochler's old mait house is a five-story builds

Drowned at the 'White Star Dock. Stephen Bunker, night watchman at the White Star dock, pier 44, North River, reports

Jaresy Contral
York da New England
Onle, & St. L. Ed pref.
Chic. & St. L. Ed pref.
Lake Fire Asserter
Lake Fire Asserter
Sudd & Western pf
nert Pacific
nert Pacific
American. Sale Hanged from a Gasjet.

Hanged from a Gasjet.

The Coroner was notified this morning of the suicide of Bernard Sweet, of 749 Grand street.

Brooklyn, who was found hanging dead from a gasjet in his apartments. He left a note addressed to his wife asking her to look after his children.

Set a Car Stable on Fire.

Sparks from a car stove set fire to the North Hudson County Railway stable at Garden and Ferry streets. Hobokan, this morning and caused about \$1,000 damage.

minth street

At 2 o'clock this afternoon two fire afternoon were soughed from First avenue and Twenty

ing at Twenty-ninth street and First avenual It has been unoccupied for a long time. It was being overhauled and a new front was being put in.

Twenty-fifth street, early this morning, and fractured his knee cap. He was taken to had hattan Hospital. that a man fell overboard from the end of the pier at 5.40 this morning and was drowned before any effort could be made to save him.

The Quotations. Open. High. Low.